

# Good Morning 707

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Two smiles that tell their own story.

## SHOP TALK

By Derek Heberton

A Submarine commanded by Lieut. R. G. P. Bulkeley, R.N., has fought a swift and lively action with a Japanese convoy, as a result of which seven of the enemy's landing craft are at the bottom of the Indian Ocean.

The attack by the submarine's gun was answered by counter-fire from all the Japanese craft, with heavy machine-guns.

"This return fire got unpleasantly close, bullets hitting our bridge," said Lieut. Bulkeley on his return from this eventful patrol. "So I altered course and then sprayed the enemy with Oerlikon fire, up and down the line. That silenced them and they never reopened fire. We then proceeded to clean up the convoy."

"By the time we had ceased fire we estimated that we had obtained 48 hits on various ships. Six landing craft were sunk or sinking and the seventh was stopped and drifting two or three miles away. The second landing craft to sink had a live depth charge on board, which went off at about 50 feet. There were no survivors from that ship."

"But there were many survivors in the sea and they all swam away from the submarine as we steamed slowly among the wreckage. So I left them to it and went to sink the last of the convoy."

"I sent a party on board this craft and they found depth charges in the hold among a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends. They also found a very fine 0.5 inch gas-operated gun which had recently been in action against us. Soon afterwards, the craft was blown up by our demolition charges."

Lieut. Bulkeley's submarine fought this action while on her way to her patrol area. Some time later she was attacking four coastal craft, and had sunk one of them, when she was forced to dive in shallow water to elude enemy aircraft.

"There followed a frantic scramble along the bottom, with 20 feet on the depth gauge, to get into deeper water," said Lieut. Bulkeley. "Then, when the alarm was over, we surfaced to renew the gun action, and we finished off another coastal craft. Our score for that action was three rounds, two hits. We need not have fired the third round, which

missed but we didn't realise that the target was already sinking."

THE following two paragraphs were taken from the same issue of the same paper, which just goes to show that you can't be too careful.

"Leading Seaman D. Conroy, 19, Gladstone-street, Portsmouth, has been serving in H.M. Submarines for 15 years, and is still in them at the age of 45. He has been on constant active service throughout the war, and was twice mentioned in dispatches while in the Thrasher. During the last 14 months he has been in the Pacific with one of his old captains who specially selected him as one of his crew."

"Warrant Engineer L. B. Taylor, R.N., of Kenilworth Shalden, Alton, formerly of Southsea, has been awarded the D.S.C. for service in submarines against enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast. Warrant Engineer Taylor, who is 41, is believed to be the oldest serving submariner, having been in this branch of the service since 1926. He was mentioned in dispatches in 1941."

CONGRATULATIONS are due to the following recipients of awards for gallantry, judgment and skill in a successful patrol whilst serving in one of H.M. Submarines in Northern Waters.

Bar to the D.S.O.  
Lieut. James Stuart Launders, D.S.O., R.N.

Bar to the D.S.M.  
Acting C.P.O. Alfred Stephen Hollis, D.S.M.

D.S.M.  
Acting Temp. Chief E.R.A. Frank King; Acting Temp. L-Seaman Percival Arthur Thomas Head; Temp. L-Tel. Charles Henry Lewis.

Mentions.  
Acting Temp. Sub-Lieut. John Frederick Watson, R.N.V.R.; Acting P.O. Frank Benford Horton; Acting Temp. L-Stoker Norman Stuart Roberts; A.B. Ronald Alexander Fisher.

# You'll Be Punched, Sorted, Demobbed, All by Machine

WHEN it is decided what classes of men in the Forces shall be demobilised and in what order, the actual names of the men and women will be picked out by machinery.

Quite apart from the time that will be saved, this system has the advantage, as Mr. Henderson, Financial Secretary to the War Office, told the House of Commons recently, that it permits no "wangling" or favouritism.

The machines are entirely inhuman, cannot be approached with a favourable word for a particular man, and cannot make mistakes.

The whole class for demobilisation, and nothing but the class, will be picked out in a matter of minutes, and with hundred-per-cent, certainty.

The secret of the whole system is a series of holes in a little card measuring only 7½ inches by 3. One of these cards is allotted to every man and woman on enlistment. The card is divided vertically into ten columns and horizontally into no less than 80 columns.

It will be seen that this provides 800 "spaces," each one of which can be specified by num-

bers along the top and down the side of the card.

### COMPARTMENTS.

Each space represents something in a code. The first thing punched on the card is the owner's service number—any number up to eight figures can be recorded by punching minute holes in the appropriate spaces. The holes cannot represent any other but this unique number.

The date of enlistment, with the month and year, can be recorded in the space of forty compartments, the date of birth in another forty compartments. Number, enlistment and birth date take up 160 of the total of 800 compartments.

Into the remaining compartments go holes telling in code a whole mass of information about the owner—his exact married status, his industry group and occupational classification—there are about 10,000 occupational classifications and sub-classifications. The holes record the theatre of war in which he is serving, the nature of his engagement and many other details.

These holes in exactly the right position are punched by



The A.T.S. operator makes the significant holes in the card.

machines operated by some of 350 expert staff who control the whole battery of some fifty complex machines that handle the several million cards.

Here is a human element—the operator might make a mistake, and press the wrong key, recording some man as a butcher in civil life, when he was really a teacher!

But every card after punching goes into another machine with another operator. If a mistake has been

made, it is instantly shown up and the card is thrown out!

When punched, the cards go into gigantic indexes. At the War Office Central Card Index—WOCCI for short—the millions of cards are stacked in wooden frames, sorted for convenience into the various units—Armoured Corps, Pioneer Corps, A.T.S., Nursing Service, and so on.

When the answer to some question is required, the necessary trays of cards are fed to sorting machines. Suppose, for instance, it was desired to discover how many men in the Pioneer Corps came under category "A" for demobilisation. The sorting machines would be "set" so as to pick out all those cards whose holes show that the owner has the qualifications necessary to be in category "A."

As the cards pass through at the rate of hundreds a minute, electrical contacts are made through the minute holes. Every required card is picked out. Other machines count the cards and present a neat tabulated statement. Where it is required to contact the individual men, of course, the numbers on the cards have to be turned into actual names, ranks and addresses.

### TALKING MACHINES.

The machines can give the statistical information about almost anything in a matter of minutes, where a small army of girls working on the ordinary card-index would require hours—and then might make some mistakes.

If you want to know how many men in the Pioneer Corps have University Degrees, how many married men are in the Armoured Corps, or how many women nurses are the support of their parents, you can have the answer from the machines in a matter of minutes.

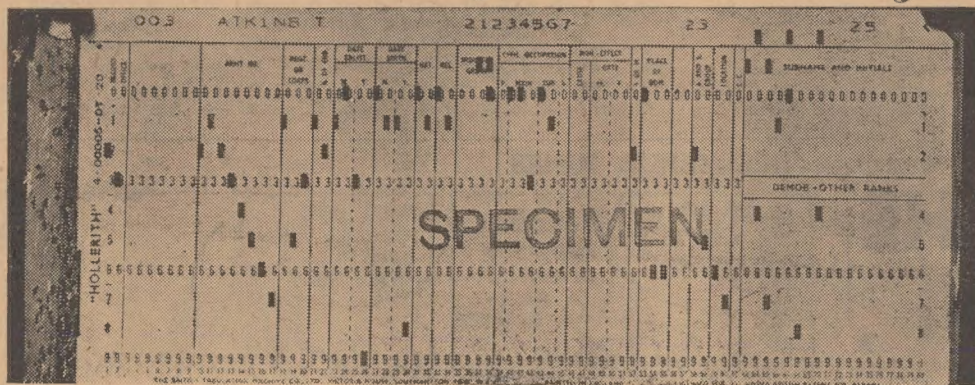
The WOCCI has played a vital part in making the best use of Britain's man-power in the Services and supplies a mass of statistical information vital for the efficient organisation of the services and the welfare of the men.

A special index is kept for every medical case reported to any hospital—divided into "home" and "overseas"—and statistical analysis of these cards along the same lines has supplied vital information to the medical services.

All the machines are electrical, and the way they work seems uncanny. The principle is simple—of contacts through the holes setting in motion other machinery.

The machines themselves are exceedingly delicate and complex. They are of the same type as those used for analysing census returns and keeping accounts in the Post Office and big banks.

ALEX. DILKE.



If you can work out how this works you're a genius—but it does work!

WITH the release from a German prison camp of the two midjet submarine V.C's, Lieutenant B. C. G. Place, D.S.O., and Lieutenant D. Cameron, R.N.R., comes news of their activities while prisoners at Wester Tinke, near Bremen.

Sport flourished in the camp, and many inter-camp matches were arranged. An important theatrical event in the camp was the production of Charles Morgan's play, "The Flashing Stream," which boasted in its cast the two submarine V.C's, and also Lieut.-Commander S. H. Beattie, V.C., R.N., of St. Nazaire fame.

Lieutenants Cameron and Place were captured after carrying out the attack on the Tirpitz, and were both awarded the Victoria Cross for their exploits.

THE following I quote from a letter, passed on to us by the Editor of one of our National Newspapers:—

"Will you please write in your Live Letter column and thank your reporters for the splendid work they are doing in publishing a paper specially for the Submarine Service. It is very comforting to know that our boys fighting for our country are able to get news of their families and home life. I thank you again for this little bit of enjoyment you are able to provide them."

Is my face red!

PART of Tally-Ho crew were well in evidence at "No. 10," on the latest of Winnie's "Submarine Nights."

It seems they enjoyed the evening there, including the programme provided by Fred Butler's Hawaiian Sextet with Judy Abbot as pianist and Jim Rutter as compere.

A cheque for twelve guineas is the result of the evening's effort.

GLAD to get your letter, Leading Signalman H. S. Burrows, also the pin-up picture of H.M. Submarine "Shakespeare."

Your query regarding the photographs taken at your home is being dealt with, and soon the folks will get some prints. Hope to hear from you again soon.

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .  
BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## Butt Ends

SOME half a million visitors a year passed through the turnstiles of the Imperial War Museum in the days before 1939. Now its governors are hoping that this figure will be greatly increased.

Containing documents and relics of many wars, the Museum's principal showpieces used to be connected with the 1914-18 spot of bother.

They've had something bigger than that to put on show since then, and the post-war Museum, now situated at the Bethlehem Hospital, Lambeth, will be right up to date with its exhibits. If you still feel interested in that "Peace-in-our-time" piece of paper Mr. Chamberlain waved to cheering crowds when he returned from Munich in 1938—you will be able to see it there.

It is but one of the many reminiscences of Hitler and his gang that will appear in the new rooms.

I haven't heard that they've got a butt-end of one of Winston's cigars, nor one of Monty's cigarettes, and maybe it would be more suitable for the Black Museum at Scotland Yard to keep a tassel from one of the carpets Herr Schickelgruber gnawed on occasions.

The Home Front figures for the first time in the collection, and details of the blitz, of casualties, bombs, incendiaries and such like will be made available to those who haven't had enough of them to last the rest of their lives.

Crusoe is on the run in this instalment—on the run up a beach, the location of which you may have deduced. If you're still foggy the final par should convince you.

## Part II

# The Truth About My Island

By Robinson Crusoe

IN this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning, as well as we could. We had a boat at our stern just before the storm, but she was first to God's mercy, and the wild sea; look out, in hopes of seeing where she was, ship's rudder, and, in the next moment, her motion sunk, or was driven off to sea; and in a moment, her motion being so stopped, the sea broke so there was no hope from her; over her in such a manner, that we had another boat on board, we expected we should all have but how to get her off into the perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters, to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea.

The ship having thus struck upon the sand, and sticking too fast for us to expect her getting off, we were in a dreadful condition.

the men, they got her flung over the ship's side; and getting all into her, we let go, and committed ourselves, being eleven in number, to God's mercy, and the wild sea; for though the storm was abated considerably, yet the sea went dreadfully high upon the shore, and, might be well called *den wild zee*, as the Dutch call the sea in a storm.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*.

In a word, it took us with such fury, that it overset the boat at once; and separating us, as well from the boat as from one another, gave us time to say, "O God!" for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt, when I sunk into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw if I could; and so, by swimming, shoot out above the surface of the water, and though it was not driven me, or rather carried pilot myself towards the shore, if two seconds of time that I could carry me a great way towards the shore, and having spent itself being, that the waves, as it would greatly, gave me breath and new land almost dry, but half dead shore when it came on might not carry me back again with it when a good while, but not so long but I had so much presence of mind, it gave back towards the sea.

as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the main land than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again; but I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with; my breath, when, as I felt myself

The wave that came upon me had spent itself, and began to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt again buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body; and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore, a very great way; but I held my breath, and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might.

I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself

But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me, again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forwards as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two had well nigh been fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along, as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of rock, and with such force, that it left me senseless, and indeed helpless, as to my own deliverance; for the blow, taking my side and breast, beat the breath, as it were, quite out of my body; and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and, seeing I should again be covered with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

Now as the waves were not so high as the first, being nearer land, I held my hold till the wave abated, and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not swallow me up as to carry me away.

The next run I took, I got to the main land; where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ

for today

1. Which is larger, a square kilometre or a square mile?
2. What anniversary is your "silver" wedding?
3. What is the proper name for "copperas"?
4. Of what commodities could you buy a "faggot"?

5. In what country did the sunflower originate?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 24, 46, 52, 56, 38, 49, 34.

### Answers to Quiz

in No. 706

1. Hectare.
2. Fiftieth.
3. Nitric acid.
4. Arabia.
5. Glass.
6. Cassandra is a female name; others are male.

## BEHIND THE SCREEN

TWENTIETH Century Fox have long been concentrating on star building, and they now announce that four of their most promising youngsters have been rewarded for their work by the granting of star status.

All four are now well known in this country, and all should go far. The first is Jeanne Crain, the dark-haired beauty of "Home in Indiana," who has acting ability to match her charm. She has personality, and is very, very beautiful.

Vivian Blaine will play small parts in several films before coming into the limelight in "Something for the Boys." Now she is due for a big and starring role in "Nob Hill."

June Haver is blonde, young, and in the Betty Grable class. She followed a featured role in "Home in Indiana" with a leading part in "Irish Eyes are Smiling." Now she is to co-star with La Grable in "The Dolly Sisters."

Last of the newly-made stars is a mere male, William Eythe, who has proved his worth in "The Eve of St. Mark," "Wilson," and "The Song of Bernadette."

Watch out for these four—they're good!

HOW far does a dancer dance in a picture? Columbia star, Rita Hayworth, supplies the answer—250 miles per picture. Rita started carrying an athlete's pedometer during rehearsals to tick off every yard she dances. She cannot carry the pedometer during actual "takes," but makes allowances for these, and reckons she has just passed the thousand mark for her last four films—an average of 20 miles for every scene she has danced in.

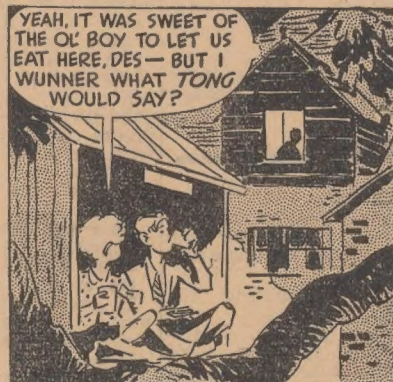
CASS DALEY, as a child, could not afford to have her protruding teeth straightened. Now a comedienne with a Paramount contract bringing in a four-figure salary weekly, she still can't afford to have them straightened. They are her comedy trade-mark.

Good morning, my dear Mrs. Baillie,  
You do look so heart and so hailey;  
Do you mind if I pat  
Your little Manx cat  
On the place where once was his taillie?

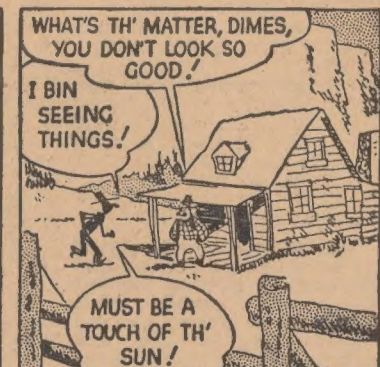
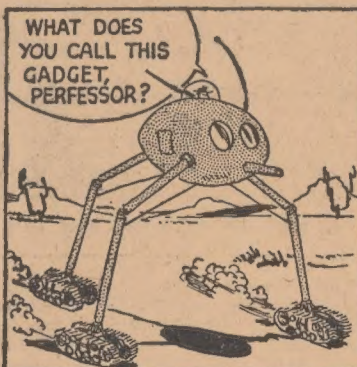
### BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA



### POPEYE





Good  
Morning



**EXTREMES OF CLIMATE IN HOLLYWOOD?**

On the left, Columbia's Jinx Falkenburg acquires a tan in the Californian sunshine ; while on the right, Paramount's Veronica Lake finds the day more suitable for furs. While as for us, our temperature's going up by leaps and bounds.